THE MISSING TEETH.

A lady whose teeth had grown rotten And ached, although plugged up with Had them all drawn, And, when they were gone, Some new ones of man's make had got

This lady, one Sabbath day hallowed, '
Sought vainly her teeth; her eyes follo
Her thoughts high and low
Till at last she said: 'Oh!
Them teeth I will bet I have swallowed.'

She grew very sick and got thinner, And wept like a position sinner; The doctors' heads shook Whenever they'd look And think of the moiars within her. At last when she thought she was dying, And the doctors incision were trying, The bouse-maid rushed in And said, with a grin. She'd found the teeth heath the bed lying. -Cincinnati Enguire.

AN ARTIST'S IDYL.

Its Principal Scenes a Canal Boa and a Salon.

A little, round, pink face, half shyly upturned, a head covered with fuzzy rings of bright gold hair, from which the sun-bonnet has fallen back, two plump, dimpled hands, tightly clasping the outspread skirt of a frock half full of datsies and buttercups, two small bare feet firmly planted on the decks of a slowly moving canal-boat. Right above, on the graceful-arched bridge, the objects on which the big, wondering, blue eyes are fixed-two children, slender, brown eyed, flower-laden. The hot sun, even now sending its scorching rays ver-tically down, has kissed the baby plebe-ian's face into the likeness of a wild rose and darkened the little patrician's with the tints of the conventional gypsy.

The weary mules stacken their pace, preschaled by their driver enjoying

unrebuked by their driver, enjoying like them the unusual luxury of over-hanging trees and shady wall. More flowers fluttered down, striking face, ove."

"You have never let her miss it, captain," the young man says, laying his slender brown fingers on the hard, knotty hand resting on the table; "very few children have such love and tenderness as you give the little maid—there are not many in the world like you. I am very glad I have you for a friend. What supports them?"

Captain Jenkins' sallow skin turns salmon color, he moves uneasily in his salmon color, he moves uneasily in his arms and neck, catching in the dang ling bonnet, the children laugh together and with the freemasonry of the time of life, the boy calls out:

Do you live on that boat always?"

"Yes."
"Do you like it?" "Yes."

"Do you like it?" "Yes."
"Do you like the flowers." "Yes."
"What's your name?" "Hedeyetta."
Then the moving boat carries her out
of reach, and the three little voices units "good-bye." The canal-boat "Jen-e and Su-ic," has seen its best days— is old, heavy and dingy, but it rides the dark, unattractive water with an air of ancient respectability. Neither are the mules new to their work and trade, with steps calculated to do the most good with the least labor, they plos doggedly on, looking neither to the right nor left. The steersman takes a keen look ahead, and, see ng a clear, and unobstructed channel, fastens his rudder in place and walks slowly down the deck. About mid-way is a strange piece of lading—a spring cot, with silk coverlet and down pillow, shaded by a coverlet and down pillow, shaded by a striped canopy and flanked by a steamer chair, an artist's easel, a pile of novels, and, on a low table, a jug of seltzer, box of tobacco and a half-dozen pipes. The occupant of this airy den is at this moment sitting on a camp stool busily sketching at his casel.

The occupant of this airy den is at this moment sitting on a camp stool busily sketching at his easel.

"Sit down, captain," he says pleasantly to the man who stops to look over his shoulder. "I am just putting down a few little touches to remember that he."

by."
The children? Well, it was a pretty sight; I kinder wonder if you'd notice it—I don't know as you'd find a much nicer picture than that little gal of our nost any time."
Ours?" the young man repeats, half

questionally—proceeding meanwhile to cover the sketch on his easel and then dropping lazily down on the cot—the captain (by courtesy) has taken the chair—and leisurely filling his largest

and most deeply colored pipe.

"Have one?" he asks, hospitably.

"Well, I don't care if I do," the other responds, watching the deft fingers with the slow and quiet interest of his

They form a sharp contrast as they fit together. Captain Jenkins is tall, lean, lank—his complexion straw-color-ed, also his hair and American beard ("chin whisker")—a deeper shade— but from the faded blue eyes looks out a shrewd and kindly spirit which his passenger has been quick to recognize and appreciate. Egbert Viele is a darling of fortune; having lost father and mother when too young to appreciate loneliness, he has floated lazily, happily through life—winning all hearts by his personal attractiveness, lovable nature and graceful and tactful manners. The two men smoke on in silence, broken only by the soft ripple of the quiet waters against the boat sides. The banks of the canal grew level, and acress them pretty country houses appear in the distance and boats are to be seen ahead. A small boy comes up ling of fortune; having lost father and seen shead. A small boy comes up from the tiny cabin wiping his mouth on his sleeve, and takes his place at the rudder. The child plays with her flowrudder. The child plays with her flow-ers, talking to herself, sometimes sing-ing softly. Then a young woman comes up the stairway and stands shading her eyes with her hands, gazing into the distance. Gathering up her flowers, the child comes slowly to her. "See, mammy," she says, almost tim-idly, "see." But she does not touch her and no eager words tell of her pleasure in her possessions. "Yes," the woman answers absently; "no, I don't want them—give them to your Jenky or your

them give them to your Jenky or your friend there," and, turning away, she goes down out of sight.
"Pretty little creature," Egbert says gently, "how she brightens life."

gently, "how she brightens life." Captain Jenkins nods his head and

Captain Jenkins nods his head and draws a long pull at his pipe.

"Yes," he answers slowly, "yes, for every one but her poor mother."

"Can you tell me that poor mother's story; I have so often guessed at it; what has spoiled her beauty, when it should be at its best; why does she almost distlict her reach. mest dislike her pretty baby; what claim have mother and child on you—tell me, now, before our journey ends?"

Captain Jenkins moves a little unensily; he is visibly embarrassed—as a listener he is unequaled. But how can he turn the tables and recount instead of listening? Egbert comes to his aid.

"When did you first know her?"

"I didn't know her first. I knew Michael, her husband. He was the inclined, ner mission. He was the liveliest young chap I ever put my eyes on: the little one has his yellow hair and his eyes—and so outspoken and manly. He was a carpenter by trade, but things were slack and he wanted to save up and he'd turn his hand to any job. Well, I took him on. He was sending for her. Kathleen—that see sending for her-Kathleen-that sea-son. Her dead father and mother were

Irish and she herself was born in County Wicklow, but she had grown up near him in Maine; she had been promised to him since they were boy and girl and she was to come to him when he was ready. He had built a little sort of cabin on the banks of the canal up here, not far from one of the dry docks, where he often worked—and when she came, we went to the church in Troy and I saw them married. She was a real Irish beauty then, with her blue eyes and dark brown hair and her pink and white skin. They were the happiest people I ever saw, and sometimes they'd make me go to tea with them—well, I'm free to say I enjoyed it. I had a queer fancy—sometimes, that Mary had lived to marry me, that Michael was her son and that the baby they were expecting would be her ward for kicking, crowing, laughing babies—and are about to leave the building, when, from the waiting room a man's voice, softened to soothing, and a child's fretful little wail strike the ear of the energetic member of the board of visitors.

"I had to go and tell Kathleen, expect

ing him home to stay. She didn't take on much, but the poor little child was born that night—without a father and almost without a mother, too, for she never could take to it, try her best. I've

tried to think it out many a time, and all I can make of it is that she would go to Michael if she didn't feel she must look after the child, and she almost

iook after the child, and she almost hates it for keeping them apart. As soon as she could move I sold the cabin for her and brought them here to live—and since that baby was three weeks old she's never spent a night off the Jennie and Susie.' I never let Kathleen work except for the child, and such little old things a small her.

work except for the child, and such fitter odd things as amuse her. You see how tidy she keeps Hedeyetta, and just that way she has always done her square duty by the child—except the poor baby doesn't know the feel of a mother's

salmon color, he moves uneasily in his chair, withdrawing his fingers from the caressing touch he would return if he knew how. Often and often he will thrill

knew how. Often and often he will thrill with pleasure at the memory of it—of the cordial tones that said more than words. At present they make him intensely uncomfortable. "Well," he says, "I sold the house for them."

"Captain!" (The saimon deepens.)
"Well," he says, with desperation,
"I've a bit saved up and—"

"Look here, captain, I'm a rich man, a very rich one—I haven't a chick or a child belonging to me—little Hedeyetta is almost as fond of me as I am of her. I am going to put some money in your

friend you will let me know."

"That won't be while I live," the

room, but not many wear his decora-tion of honor—the few who share his distinction are surro-inded by admiring and congratulating friends—he listens

to the babble of voices as he stands alone. Suddenly a sweet young voice

one. Suddenly
ils upon his car.

"May I congratulate you upon your
cecess?—I am so glad it was appreci-

He looks down into a face sweet and

fresh as the voice, into grave, soft brown

"Thanks, you like my picture?" "Ah, more than like—it is so very, very beau-

more than like-it is so very, very beau-tiful!" "Semany!" a horror-stricken

voice half whispers, and at the same instant the crowd surges, and he turns to murmur a word of apology to the people he has been pushed against. As

people he has been pushed against he does so he hears:
"Semany, how could you! you didn't know him, what were you saying?"
"Only congratulating that poor stran-

round congratulating that poor stranger artist, the only one who hasn't a friend to speak to him."

"Poor! Why that's Egbert Viele—the rich young American—he knows every body—he's a howling swell and all the girls are just crazy about him; oh, Semany, you! of all girls!"

"Yes, it is a most beautiful and satis-

factory charity. When they talk of the Cathedral, or even the school, I say 'Yes, that's all very well, but the Bish-

of visitors.
She pushes open the door of the admission room. Its only occupants are a man of the so-called "Yankee" type and a little fair child in his arms, flushed with fever, twisting herself fretfully about. Her little hood lies on the floor and the shining go.den curls are lying roughened on his sleeve and shoulder. "No, no," she whimpers, "I don't want to stay and get well—take me home, Jenky; 'tisn't a nice place—I want my home."

Jenky; 'tisn't a nice place—I want my home."

Then, the visitors rousing her, she lifts her head and stops wailing. The man nods respectfully, but does not disturb his burden by rising. "Ah, good morning; you want your little girl admitted? What's the matter with hermalaria? Let me see her?" But the child pulls away the little hand with a pettish "No, no." Then, with the sudden inconsistency of childhood, puts out both her arms to Mrs. Eliot, as if the calm face was a magnet. Sitting down on the bench, Mrs. Eliot takes the little one gently in her arms and the girl Michael was her son and that the baby they were expecting would be her grandchild. That summer Michael was on the boat most of the time, for we were short of hands, and he got a woman to stay with Kathleen. Friday evening he was to leave us at his home. Thursday night he was on watch, and I talked with him on deck till past ten, then I turned in. I went on deck at twelve again, and he wasn't there. Well, we found him next morning in five foot of water, just as peaceful as if he was asleep. He had a big bruise on his head, and the doctor said he must have been careless about a bridge, struck it, and, half stunned, was knocked into the water. on the bench, Mrs. Eliot takes the little one gently in her arms and the girl kneels beside her. Jessamine bends her head and the child puts a bot hand on her cheek, gravely announcing, "You're pretty." Then, as if recognizing the mother touch of the arms about her, nest es closer, throws back her head and with a long, tired sigh closes the blue eyes, heavy with fever and tears, and while they silently watch falls into a quiet sleep.

a quiet sleep.
"Is this dear little girl yours?" Mrs.
Eliot whispers. "My child, not my
daughter. Besides me she has only one
friend in the world."

"Poor, little darling," Jessamine "Foor, little darling," Jessamine murmurs softly. "Mamma, isn't she the sweetest little thing you ever saw?" "An orphan?" Mrs. Farnham asks. "Yes—her father was drowned the day before she was born—she and her mother have lived on my canal-boat ever since. More than two results are the mother have lived on my canal-boat ever since. More than two months ago her mother asked me if I would take care of Hedevetta—she called herself that, she couldn't say Henrietta—if any thing happened to her. I said I would, and she went right to work and fixed up the child's clothes all neat and tidy, and the tirst dark night she wrapped herself in a shawl and jumped overboard. She couldn't help it, ma'am," he apologies, answering the look of contempt on Mrs. Farnham's face, "she fought it for years—she got old, and hard and haggard-looking when she should have still been fresh and pretty—just longing for her husband—and at last it got too much for her to stand, and she went to much for her to stand, and she went to him. If you could have seen how young and happy she looked when we found her—" Sudden tears of comprehension and sympathy hil Mrs. Ehot's eves, and Jessamine's hand seeks hers lov-

"Did Hedeyetta grieve much." "Well, no, she didn't grieve, but she sort of missed the care, I expect. I tried, and so did the woman who did the work for Kathleen, to look after her, but she sat up late nights and ran about everywhere; and even before we laid up she was this way, so at last I got worried and brought her down here to see if you could cure her up—but no, she

and brought her down here to see if you could cure her up—but no, she won't stay."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Farnham says briskly, "you go and leave her here—that is if there is a vacancy for her—and she will be all right in a few days," but, as if she had heard, the child moans in her alease and the man whate, his I am going to put some money in your bank for her, subject to your order, and I want you to promise me besides that if ever the little lassie needs a home or "That won't be while I live," the captain answered sturdily, "but I like you, Mr. Viele, and if any thing should ever be likely to happen to me, I'll take you at your word—and you'll keep it, too, if I know any thing of men." he adds inaud.bly, r.sing and walking away. Left to himself Viele proceeds to gathering up his sketches, his mind traveling back, as always when touched or softened, to his one witheld happiness, one unfulfilled hope. His mind turns back three years, and he stands once more in the anter om of the Sa'on at Paris. He is but one of many in the room, but not many wear his decoran her sleep and the man shakes his

"Mamma," the kneeling girl inter "Mamma, the kneeling girl interposes softly, "may I have her for a little
sister? Think of our big, empty house
and how del ghted Susan will be to see
the crib slept in again and the nursery
open. If this gentleman will trust her
to us won't you take her?"
"Why, Semany, you must be crazy,"
Emma Farnham exclaims; "think what
a care and nuisance she would be."

Emma Farnham exclaims; "think what a care and nuisance she would be," and, "Nonsense, my dear child, you must be crazy," Mrs. Farnham addsdecisively, but the mother hesitates and looks down into the beautiful, soft, upturned brown eyes. Very little that "Mamma" can give has this sweet one daughter been refused. Jessamine stoops lower and lays her cheek against the hot little head. The child stirs in her sleep, throws out her arm and then clasps it drowsily about the pretty white neck. "May we take care of her for you; she shall be like our own?" Mrs. Eliot asks, and the faithful friend of all Hedeyetta's little life takes a long, keen look into both faces, draws a deep breath of pain and huskily answers

It is Thursday of the Artists' Exhibi-ion week in Philadelphia, and quite a futter of excitement runs through th gay world at something new to do and see. The academy wears a holiday air and small groups of pretty girls and at-tendant squires are constantly disap-pearing behind its doors. Inside, even the stairs are crowded, for the music is more than ordinarily good and Joses. more than ordinarily good, and Jessa-mine Eliot is wandering slowly through an inner room, stopping before one picture after another, listening dreamily picture after another, listening dreamily to the soft strains of music, thoroughly happy, as her lovely face shows. Her mother follows at a little distance talking quietly to an old friend, and in another part of the room Emma Farnham is making the moments fly swiftly for three much amused men. A group of people are inst turning from a second process. of people are just turning from a picture with exclamations of delight, "ex-quisite! the gem of the collection!" and Jessamine hears and stops.

all the girls are just crazy about him; oh, Semany, you! of all girls!"

Egbert's hand is violently seized by a stout compatriot, and yet in the midst of a storm of words he manages to see a distressed young face, crimsoned with mortification, to hear the sweet choked voice say: "I did not know, I never would have." Then her companion's "Oh, well, never mind, funny as it is, I believe you, but nobody else would." Fresh voices assail him, and when he can took again, the face is gone—gone forevermore—vanished out of his life! For three years he has sought it far and wide, has quietly pestered his friends for information of—what? a fair girl-face? But so many girl faces are fair—the sweetest voice in the world? to his ears, perhaps—"Semany?" his one real clue, but, remembering the shrinking distress in the young face, he can not use it. And dreaming now, he is violently aroused to hear that "Here is Albany, and Oh, Mr. Bertie, please come back." Almost by force he loosens at last the clinging arms and lovingly parts from his baby friend, Hedeyetts.

"Yes, it is a most beautiful and satisfactory charity. When they talk of the Jessamine hears and stops.

It is not a large canvass, but every detail is perfect and so exquisitely painted that it is instinct with life. You can feel the hot sun pouring down upon a light graceful bridge spanning a dark, muddy canal, upon a dingy boat that seems to slowly move upon the two sun-kissed children on the bridge, tossing flowers, daisies and butthe two sun-kissed children on the bridge, tossing flowers, daisies and buttercups, arms full of them—to a little blue-eyed, gold-haired, barefoot maid below, who stands with dangling sun-bonnet, outheld skirts and eager, up-turned face, glad recipient of their bounty. The old, wide-spreading trees lend their welcome shade, the mules lag unrebuked, their lolling driver turning to look back. A look of amazed wonder chases the admiration from Jessader chases the admiration from Jessa-mine's face, her lips part—at that mo-ment the rest of the party come up, and from Mrs. Eliot and Emma burst simultaneously the one word "Hede-yettal"

room like a streak of lightning, from her old nurse's side, where she had been in raptures ever "some darling little dogs," flashes a little white figure and precipitates itself upon Eopert. "Mr.

dogs," flashes a little white figure and precipitates itself upon Egbert. "Mr. Bertie! Mr. Bertie! my own Mr. Bertie! Oh, where have you been so long?"

Egbert Viele is quite forgiven by those about him that, ignoring all else, he stoops and clasps the excited, half-sobbing child with equal warmth to his heart. The little rings of hair are soft curls; the round, dimpled arms and legs are alender and covered; the sun flush is gone from the little, eager face; the pink sun-bonnet replaced by a dainty white thing of lace and ribbon, but it is still Hedeyetta, clinging to her friend. At last she frees him and pulls him forward.

ward.
"Mamma," ahe cries, "here's my
Mr. Bertie—and th's is Mamma; poor
Mammy went away, but I say prayers
for her every day—and for Jenky too—
and Jenky comes to see me in our house

for her every day—and for Jenky too— and Jenky comes to see me in our house where Mamma lives and Jessamine-my sister—don't you see Jessamine?" Does he not see Jessamine? Jessa-mine who stands so calm to outward seeming, who would be fair as the flower whose name she bears, were not cheek, throat and brow all one deep crimson— when her and brow all one deep crimson—

throat and brow all one deep crimson— sees her and knows in one glad instant that his search is ended.

"I had no idea of finding so much in one person, Mr. Bertie," Mrs. Eliot is saying; "my dear friend's child—the painter of our little girl's lovely por-trait and her much-talked-of friend. We can't very well make friends here. We can't very well make friends here, but you must come and see us. Yes, Baby, you may indeed—show him every thing—tell h m every thing. Come

Baby, you may indeed—show him every thing—tell h m every thing. Come and dine with us to-morrow evening at seven. We will be so glad to see you, will we not, Jessamine?"

And Egbert looks at Jessamine— sweet, shy and blushing, lovelier in her fair, pure ma'd-nhood than even the "Semany" of his dreams, looks at her —and hears no dissenting word!

[Extract from the Philadelphia Press.]

SMOKERS' WHIMS.

at a Brooklyn Tobacconist Has to Say About His Wares.

"How can a cigarette firm afford to give away a watch for the return of eventy-five empty packages?" a local obacconist was asked by a reporter.

tobacconist was asked by a reporter.

"They can't afford it," was the reply, "but take that means of introducing certain brands of eigarettes. Many of the watches given away in this manner cost from \$4 to \$6 each, wholesale. The cases are made of silver and nickel. All new eigarettes are good at first. In some brands vile to acco is used, while in others it is the reverse. When first put upon the market a new used, while in others it is the reverse. When first put upon the market a new cigarette is well made and contains the best of stock. This continues only until the cigarette is well established, when both the quality of tobacco used and the make become poor. In some instances where cigarettes are sold at big prices the tobacco is the best, but in the prices the tobacco is the best, but in the cheaper brands the stock becomes poor-er and poorer until smokers give up the brand for some others.".

"Why should the quality of tobacco

"why should the quality of tobacco used in cigarettes become worse as the brand becomes popular?"

"For this reason. There is little or no profit on new brands of cigarettes. Why? Because the tobacco used is of the best, and more is paid for making new brands of cigarettes than old ones. In present years competition in cigarettes. In recent years competition in cigar ettes has done much to reduce the price ettes has done much to reduce the price. Why less than live years ago all cigar-ett s sold from 15 to 20 cents a pack-age. Now all brands sell for 10 cents, age. Now all brands sell for 10 cents, while in some New York stores the price has even been reduced to 8 and 9 cents. Does it not stand to reason that the to-Does it not stand to reason that the to-bacco used in the cigarettes which sold at 20 cents per package is much better than that now used in the same brands which sell at 10 cents? Labor is no cheaper now than formerly, yet the price of cigarettes have reduced one-half. Some one must bear the loss. It is not the manufacturer. Who else then can it he if not the smoker? The then can it be, if not the smoker? The latter does not lose in a pecuniary sense, but in the quality of the tobacco used in the eigarettes. To my knowledge there are no less than two hundred brands of eigarettes manufactured. Some brands have long or short lives, according to their quality and names. A pretty name or picture on a wrapper greatly aids in selling certain brands. Many brands contain papier machie-hoiders. These can only be used in smoking one eigarette, and the packages sold contain a holder for each eigarette. Manufactures have replaced the pictures about which there was such a howl some time ago, by photographs of prominent actresses dressed, of course, in street costume. Other eigar dealers used in the eigarettes. To my knowl prominent actresses dressed, of course, in street costume. Other cigar dealers may not have noticed a decrease, but of late I have sold not one package of cigarettes, where I sold live formerly. Many smokers of cigarettes have given up the habit and taken to cigars."

"Do Brooklynites indulge much in snuff?"

snuff?"
"Artistic snuff taking is one of the lost arts. The habit is dying out. I sell but little snuff. Most of the business in that commodity is done in the Southern States. Chewing tobacco? No. I notice no increase in its use, but I suppose Brooklyn has more tobacco chewers now than ten years are. Many chewers now than ten years ago. Many of us were boys then, but have since grown up and have learned to chew."

"Which is more widely used, fine out

or plug?"
"Fine cut, of course. Some old fogies prefer plug, but its use is being superceded by fine cut. In both kinds of tobacced.
This is injurious to ceded by line cut. In both kinds of tobacco copperas is used. This is injurious to
the mouth and teeth. I know many
who are never without a chew in their
mouths, unless, perhaps, it is when they
sleep. Do you know that many Brooklynites who can afford better smoke the
rankest and cheapest of cigars, because
they prefer the flavor of
them better than higher priced brands?
To some men a strong five cent cigar
of the blackest description is preferable
to a clear Havana costing live times
that sum. Men's tastes change in cigars 'Yes, that's all very well, but the Bishop will live forever in the hearts of men,
not as the builder of the one, or the
originator of the other, but as the
founder of the children's hospital.'"

The speaker is a handsome, positive
looking woman, engaged in "showing
Albany" to a couple of strangers. Her
immediate companion is a quiet, dignified woman in mourning garb, which
one can easily see is for life. Of the
two girls behind, one is sufficiently like
the speaker (less the positive air') to be
recognized as her daughter, the other
is a fair, alender girl, with soft, dreamy
brown eyes. They have been all over
the hospital, seeing children in all
stages of invalidism, happy, well-cared
for, contented—lingering longest in the

TO A YOUNG WRITER.

Interested Advice Which Is Given Cheerfully and Enthusiastically. Aminadab writes: "How shall I go work to write for the papers?" Write only on one side of the paper unless, of ourse, you are writing on both sides of the question. Don't write on the edges of the paper, because paper is too thin. Rolled manuscript rolls too easily off the editor's table, and he can't afford to the flattest thing that ever came into the office. Always inclose stamps, and plenty of them, not for the purpose of publishing the stamps, but as an evidence of good faith and friendship—they will always be acceptable and come handy. Always have a margin around your pages—often if you leave them all margin it will be better. Write legibly, if you do not write smisibly. Begin every sentence with a capital, although there is nothing else capital in it. Be very particular about your "head" lines, though none of the other lines contain any thing like "head."

When you think of it and can do so put a period or some other solid impediment at the end of a sentence to keep it from sliding upon the next one and knocking

When you think of it and can do so put a period or some other solid impediment at the end of a sentence to keep it from sliding upon the next one and knocking it clean off the other end of the page. Be sure you have plenty of punctuation points in your article, even if it contains no other points of any kind. Give it plenty of dash—though the editor will supply a good deal of the dash if it gets into his hands.

After it is finished the proper way would be to go through it and here and there and everywhere serateh out, and continue scratching, until there is nothing left to scratch out any more. The blots in your MS, to be effective, should be of some artistic shape, so you can easily take up your pen and touch up their outlines. An artistic editor hates unsightly blots. Oceasionally it might do to use a little grammar, or change your spelling from your old way. Never sit down to write an article for a paper without a subject, unless you happen to have none handy. Never allow personal feeling to bias you, unless you think the man deserves it, then go in. Never write any thing that you would not be willing to ask for pay and plenty of it. Do not make your articles too long, unless you are where you can get your writing paper cheap. A large pile of manuscript, while it makes the editor's eye glow with the prospect of how much it will fetch him at a cent a pound at the paper mill and help out his weezily paper bill, is apt to create mistakes. A melancholy case of the kind occurred in these editorial rooms last week. A young man, with intellectual hair and elbows intelligently threadbare, entered and approached the eartiquake editor, bowed formally and asked, confidently: "Are you the proprietor, sir?"

The editor had just got to where the houses began to dance and waltz around the squares and the earth yawned as it was being sor under wakened from its

The editor had just got to where the houses began to dance and waltz around the squares and the earth yawned as it was being so rudely awakened from its sleep, when with his right eye following his flying pencil, his left slowly wore around and, becoming stationary, fixed itself on the young man.

"We have already let the contract out for marging this room." he said, as he

for papering this room," he said, as he let his left eye drift back to keep company with the other one at work.
"Paper this room!" said the young man, with surprise and grease spots all over him.

"Aper this room!" said the young man, with surprise and grease spots all over him.

"Yes, we want no paper-hangers."
"But, sir, I am no pajer-hanger."
"Judging from those rolls of wall-paper under your ain I supposed that you were. Excuse me for a moment."
"Wall paper! I beg your pardon, this is a story I have just completed in seven chapters: The Incadescent Muskalonge, or, From French Flats to the St. Clair Flats, by I. M. Flatt."

Then he turned white—except his shirt—and backing towards the door, fairly hissed through his nose: "Wall paper! Sir, I would not let you have this story now for double its price. I'll take it to some other oflice, I shall, sir."

Here he tripped and disappeared down stairs, MS, and all.

Yes, Aminadab, the field for young

Yes, Aminadab, the field for young Yes, Aminadab, the field for young writers is very large, and even though you should find that yours turns out to be the corn field, you can sit down on a pumpkin and remember that these little nubbins of advice were offered as freely as the air that blows or the sweat that down fees your near. If you are badly flows from your nose. If you are badly in need of any other information do not fail to write, and don't forget the stamp.

—A. W. Bellaw, in Detroit Free Press.

Canine Who Suddenly Stopped Talkin

After He Was Sold. A solemn man in a Western city, reently entered a restaurant, followed by his dog, seated himself, and called or a bill of fare. It was given him.

"What would you like to have sir?"

guffly asked the waiter, flipping the table with his napkin.

The dog meanwhile had climbed upon a chair on the other side of the table, and was gravely regarding his "Well," said the solemn man, re-

flectively, "gimme some ox-tail soup."
"Gimme the same," said the dog.
The waiter's face assumed the color of cold boiled yeal.
"Cup o' coffee and plenty of milk,"

went on the solemn man "Gimme the same," said the dog. The waiter shuddered and turning, fled for the kitchen.

fled for the kitchen.

A man with a squint at an adjoining table was much interested in the scene. He had observed it closely, and finally spoke to the solemn man.

"It must be a fearful lot o' work to teach that dog to talk, mister."

"It was," said the solemn man.

"I should think so," said the dog.

"What 'ud you take for him now?" said the man with a squint.

"Wouldn't sell him," said the solemn man.

man "You'd better not," said the dog.

The man with a squint was much impressed. He began making wild offers, and when he reached two hundred dollars the solemn man relented.

"Well," said he, "I can't refuse that. I hate to park with him but you can.

hate to part with him, but you can "He'll be sorry for it," said the

The man with the squint drew a check for the amount, which he gave to the solemn man. The man was about leaving when the dog cried again:
"Never mind, I'll get even. I'll never speak again."
He never did.
The contlemn with the squint was

The gentleman with the squint was roprietor of a show.

The solemn man was a prentriloquist.—Boston Herald.

Happy Effect of the Climat .

"I have gained three pounds in on "How do you account for that?"
"Effect of the climate. I have put on all my heavy clothes."—N. Y. Sun. THE SOLDIER'S REST.

of the Most Unique Instituti Among the many institutions which were brought into existence by the war in this city was the Soldier's Rest and Retreat. Many citizens are now en-tirely ignorant of this institution Thousands of those who were refreshed therein by food and lodging when on the way to the front have now forgotten even the location. The institution ocated near the north end of the Baltimore & Ohio depot, on the line of North Capitol street, between C and D streets, and was established immediately after the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. The building taken possession of as a retreat is still standing, although in a dilaminated condition, and is now of as a reireat is still standing, although in a dilapidated condition, and is now used as a store house. It had previously been used by Mr. J. P. Crutchett as the Mount Vernon cane factory, where mementos from the resting place of the father of his country were prepared for the market. It covered a space of about 40 by 160 feet of ground and was made into a dining hall, where often as many as 500 of the boys in blue took meals standing. At the time it came into existence the At the time it came into existence the city was full of soldiers, many having been stampeded from Bull Run. Tho terms of service of many had expired, while others had just arrived on their while others had just arrived on their way to the front. It was given the name of "Soldiers' Rest-Receiving and Forwarding Depot for Troops" by Captain Beckwith, Commissary of Subsistence, who appointed as Superintendent Mr. James H. Searle, now living at No. 9 Sixth street, northeast. Mr. Searle continued during the entire war. A force of cooks and waiters were employed, and in kitchens erected outside the preparations for the meals were made. In in kitchens erected outside the prepara-tions for the meals were made. In these kitchens were the cauldrons for soups, etc., two of a capacity of 140 gallons each, and twenty-five others ranging from 30 to 60 gallons. The bread was at first obtained from the Capitol bakery, located in the rooms on the west front of the Capitol base-ment, and afterwards near the observa-

ory. It was not long before it was foun necessary to enlarge the depot, and deperal (then Colonel) Rucker caused General (then Colonel) Rucker caused to be erected frame barracks east of the "Rest" from the timber from the old Lincoln inauguration ball building in Judiciary square. Then Captain Ed. M. Camp (afterwards Major) was placed

Camp (anerwards analor) was pinced in charged of the depot. The capacity of this depot was simply wonderful, for on one occasion, with but a few hours' notice, 20,000 men were fed within twenty-four hours, soup, led within twenty-four nours, soup, bread, coffee, ham pork, tongue, beef and hard-tack being on the bill of fare. This was done without any friction whatever, for, as near as possible, 500 were marched ta the tables at a time. The serving of meals and lodging soldiers was not all that was done, for the evidencies of the service of the required. diers was not all that was done, for the exigencies of the service often required cooked rations to be furnished, and to fill these orders the force had to be augmented often so as to work night and day. It is estimated, from the re-ports made by Major Camp, that during the four years' existence of the depot 20,000,000 meals were served to soldiers during the war.

during the war.

Sometimes sailors and exchanged prisoners were regaled here, and to wards the close of the war when Confederate prisoners were sent here, they were also entertained. Near the end of hostilities a number of Confederates had deserted and come within the Federal lines, and when they reached the "Rest" they were so pleased with their entertainment that they asked the privilege of complimenting the officers un-der whom the Rest was established. This request was granted, and Major Camp, General Rucker, Secretary Stan-ton and the President were serenaded by a band made up of deserting musi cians.—Washington Star.

SLAVES LIBERATED.

cuban Bondsmen Freed from the Tortur ing Shackles of Slavery. The Queen Regent of Spain has done an act which the friends of humanity all over the world will rejoice at; she has signed a decree freeing the slaves in Cuba from the remainder of their term ot servitude. This reform was begun over seventeen years ago in the law of February 10, 1869, which provided for the conditional liberation of certain classes of slaves in Cuba, and for the payment of recompense to the owners of the men and women freed. In 1879 a bill was passed by the Cortes for the gradual abolition of Cuban slavery. This law at once liberated slaves from 50 to 55 were set free in 1880; from 45 to 50 in 1884; from 40 to 45 in 1884, and from 35 to 40 in 1886. The intention of the law was to set free those from 30 to 35 years old in 1883 and those under thirty in 1890. In the seven years between 1870 and 1877 the number of slaves in Cuba was decreased by 136,000, but the population showed a falling off in the same period of 20,500. In December, 1878, Cuba still had 227,-902 negro slaves. We may conclude, therefore, that Queen Christine has bestowed upon upward of 200,000 slaves the rights and privileges of freemen, and the act is none the less magnanimous because it has anticipated by four cars the empancies in 1890 contents. es of slaves in Cuba, and for the and the act is none the less magnani-mous because it has anticipated by four ears the emancipation in 1890 contem-plated by the Cortes itself. Thus by a step, and by an act as noble and well-timed, Spain rids herself of the reproach of being the only European state per-mitting slavery in its colonies, and gives one more promise of the new and gives one more promise of the new and vigorous life which seems to be return-ing to her in these latter days.—Chris-tian at Work.

Sale of Public Lands.

Commissioner Sparks has made his report showing the sale of public lands for the fiscal year ending June 30. It exhibits considerable activity in public exhibits considerable activity in public lands yet, the entries amounting, during the year, to 20,991,967 acres, for which was received \$7.412,967. The greatest number of acres of land were taken up in Kansas, 5,636,324, or 17,-615 farms of 320 acres each. Next comes Nebraska, where the entres were 3,511,518 acres, or 10,973 farms of 320 acres. Dakota follows, with entries amounting to 3,075,085 acres, or 9,609 farms of 320 acres. In Colorado the entries were 1,282,674 acres, and in California 1,348,678 acres. In the rest of the States and Territories the entries were less than 1,000,000 acres, the greatest number being 911,554 acres in Montana.—Prairie Farmer.

—A citisen, scared by Wiggin's earth-quake predictions sent his two half-grown boys to a friend in the country. A few days later the friend wrote him: "Dear sir: Please take your boys back and send us the carthquake."—Galoss-ton News.

FASHION GOSSIP.

Materials and Colors Which Will b Popular During the Winter. For women who are brave enough to wear it is provided tulle with birds and tterflies wrought upon it in Nature's brilliant bues and sizes.

Shot woolens in two or three colors tre among the novelties of the season. They will be toned by artistic admix-tures of velvet and other similar fab-

The French areas courier of styles asserts that the hosiery of the coming season will be in colors harmonizing with the gloves, and that tans and rus-

sets will prevail.

Black faces that have lost part of their Black faces that have lost pert of their color may be fresheaed by washing them tenderly in a quart of water into which has been poured about a tablespoonful of ammonia. When removed from this they are rinsed in a quart of warm water in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of pulverized borax. Spread them flatly upon black cambric and brush their edges out with a not too stiff broom or brush. Lay another black cloth over them and press them, always keeping the wrong side uppermost.

black cloth over them and press them, always keeping the wrong aide uppermost.

Camel's-hair fabrics, English serges, light-weight cheviots and cl. sely woven clamines will be much in demand. All these materials may be purchased in plain and striped weavings, and the latter will be used for entre skirts, for vests, and sometimes for sashes that will be arranged low about the figure in what the French call ceinture corion.

Wide, flat, basket-like silk and woolen gimp and galloon will have at least one season's run through the circles of Fashion. Some of it is a quarter of a yard wide and will sometimes encircle the skirt above its hem or be set only upon the back-br-cadth. It will also be used as panels, front-gores, etc. The narrow widths will form vest fronts, wrist facings, collars and pocket-laps. Cloth postilions are pushing the woven Jerseys into disfavor. Their colors should suit the complexion, leaving the hues of the various skirts that will be worn with them to the convenience of the moment. It is considered very stylish to have the upper part of the dress contrast with the lower part.

Tuffted effects in heavy woolens and m silks are again in order. This caprice, as well as the favor with which satin and velvet have been received this season, proves that fashion repeats herself within as short or as long a

this season, proves that fashion repeats herself within as short or as long a space of time as happens to suit her

A black lace dress, unlined, will be A black lace dress, unlined, will be supplied with several underslips of various colors. These under-dresses are plainly made up, and are, for the most part, composed of party gowns that have seen too much service to reappear again except when covered.

Black canvas cloths or etamines are

used as deep mourning fabrics, and are more popular than bombazines or Hen-rietta cloths. While they are soft and

rietta ciotas. While they are soft and luxurious, they suggest sack-cloth by the coarseness of their weaving.

Heliotrope, purple and migonnettegreen is a curious combination of colors. At first it strikes the eye as inartistic, but it improves on acquaintance, and after awhile is discovered to be one of those novelties that are all the more attractive because acquaints. the more attractive because repulsive at first. It is grouped on bonnets and in bouquets.—Delineator.

CARE OF INFANTS

fords of Caution as to the Ways of Bables

After the age of three children are able to describe their feelings with tolterable correctness, but before that age much must be left to the mothers' intuitive perceptions. These little ones often make mistakes in naming the parts ten make mistakes in naming the parts of the body, as they do in the meaning of many words while forming their vocabulary. Thus a little girl I knew complained so frequently of "headache" that her mother began to feel seriously alarmed lest her brain was affected in some way; but happening one day, after hearing the plaintive "Oh, my head aches!" to ask, "Where is your head, Katie?" what was her relief and amusement to see the child places

your nead, natier what was ner relier and amusement to see the child place her hand on her abdomen as she answered: "Why, here, mamma."

Most children are subject to attacks of some kind. With one child it is summer complaint, with another it may be catarrh, with another olic, but a little watchfulness will enable a mother to watchfulness will enable a mother to two before it appears, and dieting, bath-ing, or a little judiciously administered medicine may prevent, and in time cor-rect, the weakness that renders the child liable to these attacks.

The mother should train her eye to notice changes in color, or slight lear-

The mother should train her eye to notice changes in color, or slight languor of movement, or unusual brilliancy of the eyes. Train her ear to notice irregularity or shortness of breath, slight rattlings of mucus in the head, throat or chest, and the sounds of different coughs, that she may, as far as possible, apply simple remedies to the right place. Teach her touch to be so delicate as to know by the clasp of the little hand, or the kiss of the warm lips, whether fever lurks in the veins of her darling.

whether fever lurks in the veins of her darling.

Long before the child shows illness to the common observer the true mother has detected this or that slight symptom, and, if a physician is called, she is liable to assist him to a correct diagnosis; she knows whether the child's skin is usually moist or dry, cool or warm; whether it rolls in its sleep or lies quiet. Ah! how many a mother owes her child's life to her close observation of its habits.—Babyhood.

-State Game Agent Phelps, of New York, recently visited the Twin Lakes in the north woods to ascertain, if possible, what caused the death of so many trout. The lakes are State reservoirs and the water in them has been down very low. A thick soum covers the water in places, and Mr. Phelps brought out a piece which he found clinging to a bush. It was nearly as thick as brown paper. He thinks the trout in the lake died from lack of oxygen after the water became covered with the scum. It is said that several trout were swimming around with their noses nearly out of water, as if suffering for want of air.—Troy Times.

—Lieutenant John Bigelow, Tenth Cavalry U. S. A., writing from Arizona to Outing, says: "The more I see of the horses of this part of the country the more satisfied I am as to the supe-riority, for cavalry, of the American over the Mexicaa, Texas, Colorado or Californian horse."

The Pull Mall Gazette confesses candidly that "there is no difference of opinion as to the fact that in all weathers in which yachting can be considered as a pastime, the English cutter model is altogether inferior to the American aloop." This confession comes late, but is emphasic.